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The New Role of "The Red-Haired Admiral"

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"The room is filled with the melodious sounds of organ music. A stocky, elderly man sits at the keyboard. He has a face full of wrinkles and a thin, hard mouth. This is the new chief of the US Central Intelligence Agency, William Francis Raborn, who is engaged in his favorite pastime at home. Music is Raborn's hobby. His fingers, covered with a growth of red hair, press down the keys and his eyes from under bushy eyebrows glance slowly over the shiny organ pipes. The music sounds. And to the eyes of the player the outlines of the organ pipes begun to blur until they no longer resemble pipes, but look like the Polaris missiles which are so dear to his heart. It seems not so long ago that the same fingers covered with red hair were not pressing down on organ keys, but on a button marked "Launch."

"The barely rippling surface of the greenish-blue sea suddenly ejected a gigantic column of water. Dissolving into myriads of spray, the column revealed a gray object resembling a huge bottle, which was shooting upward. For a fraction of a second, it froze in the air, silent and threatening. In the next instant a flame burst from its tail -- the bottom of the 'bottle' -- with a deafening roar, and the

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bottle-shaped monster rushed up into the air. This is how the launching of a Polaris missile from the George Washington submarine looked to an outsider.

"One minute after the launching from the deck of the George Washington in the depths of the ocean, the red-haired Rear Admiral Raborn dispatched two telegrams. The first one, addressed to President Eisenhower, could serve as a model of conciseness. It stated: 'Polaris, from depth to target. Excellent.'

"However, the second telegram, addressed to Admiral Arleigh Burke, was notable for its wordy pathos and combative, demagogic style: 'A new star of peaceful life, passing on its smoky trail from the salty seas to the skies, will serve as a brilliant new addition to our naval power and will enable us to make a new strategic use of the world's oceans; this will be felt all over the world, and particularly behind the Iron and Bamboo curtains.'

"They say that a person's style reflects his nature. The style of the two telegrams shows that Raborn is a militarist, a demagogue, and an old campaigner.

"In his far-away youth, when Raborn was an ordinary, 'average' student at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, he stated on a form that his hair was 'chestnut brown.' Young Francis had been too hasty. He did not know the sarcastic words of Mark Twain: 'When red-haired people occupy a high place in society, their hair should be called chestnut brown.' The chief of the academy corrected the presumptuous

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officer candidate, i.e., he crossed out the words 'chestnut brown' and inserted 'red-haired.'

"Since that time the nickname 'Red' followed William Francis Raborn through his whole life even though, God knows, he did all he could to have his hair described as 'chestnut.'

"Having attained the high post of head of the Polaris missile development program, Raborn looked around and tried to ascertain what his new task would be.

"And he found out. For the development of the Polaris missiles, 10 billion dollars had been extracted from the pockets of taxpayers. The admiral considered it his job to hand this present over to the owners of military plants.

"One should give him his due -- he did not spare himself. He visited every plant and every shop producing materials for his beloved missile. In those days he did not talk, but he sang. The stern admiral had changed into a sweet-voiced siren. Probably, listening to himself, he often thought: 'God, what am I saying!'

"An officer, who had been the recipient of his share of the admiral's demagoguery, later remembered: 'When I left the room, I felt ready to die for someone, without knowing whether it was for the admiral, the President, my own mother, the Boy Scout leader, or someone else. But, honestly, I was ready to die.'

"The corporations did not forget the man who had transferred 10 billion dollars to their safes. First, the Aerojet General

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Corporation offered him the comfortable seat of vice-president.

And at 12:30 p.m. on 28 April William Francis Raborn took the oath as director of the Central Intelligence Agency.

"The man who occupies the post of 'Spy No 1' is considered the second most important person in the US government. As you see, the 'red-haired admiral' has achieved a career similar to the flight of the Polaris missile from the depths of the ocean.

"The tasks of CIA are readily understandable to the creator of the Polaris. In principle, it is the same kind of service to the monopolies, although admittedly with the use of somewhat different means. His red-haired fingers have moved from the missile-launching buttons to the buttons controlling the operations of saboteurs and agents.

"It so happened that the period given to Raborn for becoming familiar with his new job lasted no more than half an hour. As early as 1 p.m. on 28 April, Raborn was forced to undertake his first voyage on the unstable and treacherous waves of espionage and sabotage. It was at this time that a telegram reached the desk of the US President from Tapley Bennett, US Ambassador in the Dominican Republic. The telegram 'recommended' the urgent use of the big stick, i.e., the dispatch of marines to Santo Domingo.

"The Central Intelligence Agency was instructed to provide a 'propaganda front.' It was necessary to camouflage the crude

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actions of the US military with a smoke screen of talks about a 'Communist plot' in the Dominican Republic. However, the newly-made CIA chief, who showed great zeal in this matter, obviously went too far. In submitting a list of 58 Dominican 'Communist conspirators' to the President, Raborn, in his haste (after all, how can you catch up with those marines when they ^{are} straining to go to a small and not very well armed country), pulled a boner, i.e. among the listed persons many had long since been dead, and others had left the country long ago.

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"A man sits at the organ and dreamily plays a sentimental melody. It is his favorite song, 'The Yellow Rose of Texas.' After the decision to appoint Raborn as chief of CIA, some malcontents claimed that it was all because of this 'Rose.' They said it had found an echo in the hearts of some high-ranking Texans.

"However, the life of a CIA director is not merely a bed of roses. On its first voyage, the CIA pirate ship encountered a storm -- a storm of protest from people all over the world against US aggressive actions. The storm is threatening to wash Raborn overboard from the captain's bridge; there have been more and more unfavorable press references to him. After all, one of his best known predecessors, Allen Dulles, was removed from his post after the catastrophic failure in the Bay of Pigs. Sooner or later, US politicians will have to look for a scapegoat. And, as some newspapers predict, the choice may fall on William F. Raborn."